ALMA RECORD

BROWN & EVERDEN, Publishers

ALMA, : : MICH

THERE are six Siamese students at Westminster college, a small institution at New Wilmington, Pa. In numerous other educational institutions there are students from countries in which enlightment is yet in its creeping infancy.

IT is not alone on the young that the "lurid literature" of the day gets its work in. The old have to suffer, too. A man in Pennsylvania who is 60 years old became crazy from reading sensational stories. It is as true as ever that there is no fool like an old fool.

LONDON, Berlin, Vienna, and Paris have provided themselves with underground roads or are preparing to do so. London was the first city to meet this problem, and its underground roads have proved the swiftest, most satisfactory, and most profitable system yet provided for a great city.

PHARMACY in the future will be more intelligent in this country. There are already forty colleges of pharmacy in the United States. The next advance in the same line should be an effort to prohibit the adulteration of drugs. That evil is scarcely less than the adulteration of druggists.

A LARGE part of the expenses of litigation is borne by the taxed portion of the public. Many litigants pay no taxes, and they are the ones who largely supply the courts with business. The taxable costs under the law are only a small part of what the hearing of any case costs the taxpayer.

To have milk shelves in a kitchen, where all manner of cooking, broiling and baking is going on, is the surest way to spoil your cream and butter. In a store, or a workshop, or a farm house, and especially a dairy-room, it is a very good motto to "have a place for everything and everything in its place."

THE Buddhists of Japan think they have the world-wide religion because it is based upon humanitarian principles and propose to become propagandists of their doctrine. A Buddhist bank will be established for the purpose of gathering funds with which o spread into all the world the gospel of Buddha.

THERE was never yet a faith that did not mean a struggle after truth; nor even yet a superstition from which higher knowledge cannot learn more of truth. In all that is written, sung or said, nothing is true but that which prompts and gives wings to aspiration; nothing false but that which works for degradation.

IT is said to be a curiocs fact that all of the girls in Wellesley college who lead their classes are blondes. But it is curious only from the fact that the dark haired girls who happen to be in that particular college are lacking in conspicuous brightness. It should not be considered strange that the blondes can hold their own.

AUTOGRAPH hunters will have to pay liberally for the signature of the late General Spinner. His name, as he wrote, now commands a good figure. There are still in existence many first class copies of his strange signature in the shape of war-time greenbacks and fractional currency. But they are kept as curiosities and command a premium.

ELECTRICITY has been put to driving drills. One is in use on the war ship Maine, building at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. A three-quarter-inch hole in a three-quarter-inch plate can be drilled in less than a minute. It is one of the prospects of the near future that electric drills will be used for sinking deep artesian wells as well as for rapid tunneling in the mining regions.

A LARGE share of the failures in farming arise from the attempt to overtax one's strength, ability, capital or knowledge. The most successful men in any branch of business are those who commence in a small way, and who learn from experience and who gain strength by actual practice to enable them to double up their operations or to enlarge their field of work.

WOMEN always know how to stand up for each other. According to Mrs. S. F. Hershey, woman is a more superior being than man. She says: "Woman lives longer than man, goes insane less numerously, commits suicide one-third as often, makes one-tenth the demand on the public purse for support in jails, prisons and almshouses, and in every regard manifests potentiality above that of man."

WHEN the world sees a man old and hale it wants to know how it was that he became so old and so hearty. Jules Simon was recently written to and solicited to tell how he had arrived at such a ripe old age. He answered that he did not know; that for thirty years he had worked about the same number of hours daily, and had not changed his manner of living in all that time. Probably his length of years is due to the latter fact more than to anything el

ALL ABOUT THE SAUSAGE.

Where This Popular Article of Diet Comes From and How It Is Produced.

Of all the articles of diet the sausage is most mysterious. Concerning the manner in which this interesting comestible is produced very little is known. It is simply necessary to consider the market price of animals and to do a little figuring thereupon in order to perceive that the more ordinary grades of sausage sold can not by any possibility be composed in a manner that would be pleasant for the consumer to understand. When you buy the product at 8 cents a pound you imply a recognition of the fact that the manufacturer can hardly make a profit save by employing for his purposes materials fairly termed refuse, even if he does not set traps for stock in the cellar and on the back fences.

The first thing to do in the manufacture of sausages is to kill the animals and cut them up. Each beast so treated, in butcher's parlance, is separated into the "carcass" and the "fifth quarter." The fifth quarter consists of the head and feet, the entrails, the brain, the heart, the liver and the lungs. For many of these things most people would have no use, but there are plenty of customers who like the beef or hog brains for frying, and even the lungs for cooking in two or three styles. Tripe, which is the lining of the stomach, goes in with the fifth quarter.

The carcass remaining after the fifth quarter has been removed is divided with knives, and such portions as are to be used for sausages, after remaining in the ice box for some days, are cut from the bones and chopped into a fine hash by machines with many knives that go up and down ever so fast. After being made into hash this way the meat is put back into the ice box and, after a second cold seasoning, is chopped again.

Next it goes to the mixing machine. There are endless numbers of receipts for mixing, no two sausage makers using the same proportions of materials or the same seasoning. Some sausages are made entirely of pork, while others are of beef alone; but the ordinary kind are a mixture, frequently half-and-half, of beef and pork together. The operator in charge of the mixing machines manages this according to his formula and at the same time puts in the seasoning—mace, sage, sweet marjoram and all sorts of spicy things.

Now it only remains to put the sausage meat thus prepared into their "cases," as the butcher calls them. These cases or skins for the sausage are the covering of the intestines of steers, sheep or hogs. They are sometimes so long that a "case" taken from a sheep will stretch occasionally nearly the length of the Center Market, having been wrapped up in convolutions in the animal's body. A machine specially invented for the purpose fills these long intestinal tubes one at a time with sausage meat, forcing it in from a cylinder filled with the stuff. A single case will not infrequently hold as much as twenty-five pounds of the meat.

When this has been done it only remains to tie little knots of twine about the sausage tube a few inches apart and the product is ready for market. German sausages, so called because they are manufactured of recipes that Germans approve of, are not ordinarily divided into lengths. The speckled appearance of bologna sausage, which is composed of beef only, is caused by the fat that is mixed with it. Blood sausage is so called because it contains one part of beef or hog's blood to two parts of meat.—*Washington Star.*

The Dykes of Holland.

A certain zealous dame is said to have once attempted to sweep the ocean away with a broom. The Dutch have been wiser than this. They are slow and deliberate people. Desperation may use brooms, but deliberation prefers clay and solid masonry. So, slowly and deliberately, the dykes, those great hall-like walls of cement and stone, have risen to breast the buffeting waves. And the funny part of it is, they are so skillfully slanted and paved on the outside with flat stones that the efforts of the thumping waves to beat them down only make them all the firmer!

These Holland dykes are among the wonders of the world. I cannot say for how many miles they stretch along the coast, and throughout the interior; but you may be sure that wherever a dyke is necessary to keep back the encroaching waters, there it is. Otherwise, nothing would be there—at least, nothing in the form of land; nothing but a fearful illustration of the principal of hydrostatics: Water always seeks its level.

Sometimes the dykes, however carefully built, will "spring a-leak," and if not attended to at once, terrible results are sure to follow. In threatened places guards are stationed at intervals, and a steady watch is kept up night and day. At the first signal of danger, every Dutchman within hearing of the startling bells is ready to rush to the rescue. When the weak spot is discovered, what do you think is used to meet the emergency? What, but straw—everywhere else considered the most helpless of all things in water! Yet straw, in the hands of the Dutch, has a will of its own. Woven into huge mats and securely pressed against the embankment, it defies even a rushing tide, eager to sweep over the country.

These dykes form almost the only perfectly dry land to be seen from the ocean side. They are high and wide, with fine carriage-roads on top, sometimes lined with buildings and trees. Lying on one side of them, and nearly on a level with the edge, is the sea, lake, canal, or river, as the case may be; on the other side, the flat fields stretching damply along at their base, so that cottage roofs sometimes are lower than the shining line of the water. Frogs squatting on the shore can take quite a bird's-eye view of the landscape; and little fish wriggle their tails higher than the tops of the willows near-by. Horses look complacently down upon the bell-towers, and men in skiffs and canal-boats sometimes know when they are passing their friend Dirk's cottage only by seeing the smoke from the chimney; or perhaps by the cart-wheel that he has perched upon the peak of its overhanging thatched roof, in the hope that some stork will build her nest there, and so bring good luck.—*Mary Mapes, in St. Nicholas.*

FORTUNES IN SANDWICHES.

A Wealthy Blonde Gentleman Who Used to be a Bowery Waiter.

It was in one of these resorts that I saw an elaborate blonde gentleman with broad-striped shirt, shrieking necktie, yellow gloves, and waxed mustache, writes a New York correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. He is one of those omnipresent men that haunt me wherever I go. He is always at the races, at all the theatrical first nights, and whenever I go to a cafe for dinner he is pretty sure to be at the next table. He seems to be burdened with money.

"Do you know him?" I asked of my companion.

"Not exactly," replied my friend, "but I know of him, and he is a character. He acts, I think, as a very good example of what New York can do for a man of soundly practical ideas. As you say, he is burdened with money—literally so. In view of this it is somewhat surprising to know that he was a waiter in a Bowery restaurant eight years ago. How did he make his money? By selling sandwiches—ham, roast beef, tongue, and cheese sandwiches. From such unromantic fields has his wealth been dug. I will tell you just how it all happened. As I have said, the fellow was a Bowery waiter at one time. The cuisine at the restaurant where he worked was not of the Delmonico order by any manner of means, and there was probably more kicking done there than we have heard tell of in Harlem boarding-houses. One day a man entered the place whose appearance denoted that he was from a choicer neighborhood than can be found in the purlieus of the Bowery. He was in a hurry and wanted a quick bite. He ordered soup and one of the ready-made dishes. Neither of these could he possibly eat. The waiter, now a driver of tandems, eyed his customer as he turned sadly away from the unpalatable food, and suggested that he might make him a pretty good sandwich if the gentleman wished it. There was a good bit of ham in the place, he said, and the bread was eatable baker's stuff. The customer assented, and the sandwich was so neatly made and was so palatable, considering the ordinary materials forming it, that the waiter was complimented by the gentleman, who at the same time advised the young fellow to open a shop in a good neighborhood and to make a specialty of sandwiches. The idea struck the waiter with full force, and it was a very short time after that he started his first shop in a factory neighborhood. Business was brisk at once, and the following year he had sandwich emporiums flourishing in all parts of the city. He has made a fortune, has invested his profits shrewdly, and can at this moment be called a man of sound business judgment. Like most men of his origin he is loud in his attire and is given to aping the fashionable set. I shouldn't be a bit surprised to see his children, if he has any, figuring among the 400. And, after all, how can a man make money more honorably than in ministering to the humble and hard working stomach?"

Old Fashioned Harvesting.

Harvesting, with the rude implements, was a scene. Imagine three or four hundred wild Indians in a grain field armed, some with sickles, some with butcher-knives, some with pieces of hoop iron roughly fashioned into shapes like sickles, but many having only their hands with which to gather by small handfuls the dry brittle grain, and as their hands would soon become sore, they resorted to dry willow sticks, which were split to afford a sharp edge with which to sever the straw. But the wildest part was the threshing. The harvest of weeks, sometimes of a month, was piled up in the straw in the form of a huge mound in the middle of a high, strong, round corral; then three or four hundred wild horses were turned in to thresh it, the Indians whooping to make them run faster. Suddenly they would dash in before the band at full speed, when the motion became reversed, with the effect of plowing up the trampled straw to the very bottom. In an hour the grain would be thoroughly thrashed and the dry straw broken almost into chaff. In this manner I have seen two thousand bushels of wheat threshed in a single hour. Next came the winnowing, which would often take another month. It could only be done when the wind was blowing, by throwing high into the air shovelfuls of grain, straw, and chaff, the lighter material being wafted to one side, while the grain, comparatively clean, would descend and form a heap by itself. In this manner all the grain in California was cleaned. At that day no such thing as a fanning mill had ever been brought to this coast.—*Gen. Bidwell, in The Century.*

Kissing Disease Microbes.

The promiscuous kissing of a public Bible is as contrary to the laws of hygiene as it is to those of decency. Doctors say that contagious diseases may be communicated in this way more readily than in almost any other. The mucous membrane which lines the lips is peculiarly sensitive to contagious influences, and will receive diseases that could not be communicated through the outer skin. For this reason the medical profession condemns the practice of kissing the Bible in taking an oath. The affiant never knows how many microbes of repulsive and deadly diseases are lurking there, and it is matter of wonderment that boards of health, with their strict watch over everything detrimental to the safety of the public, have not before this time inveighed against the dangerous custom.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

"Hello, old man! Where did you spring from? On pleasure bent, I suppose." "No, my boy, on pleasure broke."—*St. Joseph News.*

AGED INDIANS.

Remarkable Longevity of the Natives of Southern California.

The early inhabitants of southern California, according to the statement of Mr. H. H. Bancroft and other reports, were found to be living in Spartan conditions as to temperance and training, and in a highly moral condition, in consequence of which they had uncommon physical endurance and contempt for luxury. This training in abstinence and hardship, with temperance in diet, combined with the climate to produce the astonishing longevity to be found here. Contrary to the customs of most other tribes of Indians, their aged were the care of the community.

Dr. W. A. Winder, of San Diego, is quoted as saying that in a visit to El Cajon Valley some thirty years ago he was taken to a house in which the aged persons were cared for. There were half a dozen who had reached an extreme age. Some were unable to move, their bony frame being seemingly anchylosed. They were old, wrinkled, and blear-eyed; their skin was hanging in leathery folds about their withered limbs; some had hair as white as snow, and had seen some seven score of years; others, still able to crawl, but so aged as to be unable to stand, went slowly about on their hands and knees, their limbs being attenuated and withered. The organs of special sense had in many nearly lost all activity some generations back. Some had lost the use of their limbs for more than a decade or a generation; but the organs of life and the "great sympathetic" still kept up their automatic functions, not recognizing the fact, and surprisingly indifferent to it, that the rest of the body had ceased to be of any use a generation or more in the past.

Dr. Palmer has a photograph (which I have seen) of a squaw whom he estimates to be one hundred and twenty-six years old. When he visited her he saw her put six watermelons in a blanket, tie it up, and carry it on her back for two miles. He is familiar with Indian customs and history, and a careful cross-examination convinced him that her information of old customs was not obtained by tradition. She was conversant with tribal habits she had seen practised, such as the cremation of the dead, which the mission fathers had compelled the Indians to relinquish. She had seen the Indians punished by the fathers with floggings for persisting in the practice of cremation.

At the mission of San Tomas, in Lower California, is still living an Indian (a photograph of whom Dr. Remondino shows), bent and wrinkled, whose age is computed at one hundred and forty years. Although blind and naked, he is still active, and daily goes down the beach and along the beds of the creeks in search of drift-wood, making it his daily task to gather and carry to camp a fagot of wood.—*Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine.*

Japanese Interiors.

The houses that the Japanese women occupy are, it goes without saying, as neat and wondrously fashioned as themselves; almost always full of surprises, with movable panels, with boxes and slides, with compartments of all shapes and astonishing little closets. Everything is minutiously clean, even among the humblest, and of apparent simplicity, especially among the richest. Alone the altar of the ancestors, where sticks of incense burn, is gilded, lacquered, and garnished like a pagoda with vases and lanterns. Everywhere else a purpose bareness—a bareness all the more complete and white if the dwelling pretends to elegance. No embroidered tapestries; sometimes transparent portieres, made of strung beads and bamboos. And never any furniture; it is on the floor or on little lacquer pedestals that necessary objects or vases of flowers are placed. To the mistress of the house luxury consists in the very excess of that cleanliness of which I spoke above, and which is one of the incontestable qualities of the Japanese people. It is everywhere the custom to unshoe before entering a house, and nothing equals the whiteness of those mats, upon which one never walks without fine socks with divided toes. The wood-work itself is white, neither painted nor varnished, keeping as its sole ornamentation, among women of true taste, the imperceptible veins of the young pine.—*Pierre Loti, in Harper's Magazine.*

Mrs. Stanley to American Eyes.

The ladies are gossiping about Mrs. Henry M. Stanley and her mother, Mrs. Tennant, in a way that must make their ears tingle. So much was said about the beauty of the younger lady at the time of her engagement to the great explorer, and American ideas of beauty are so different from those which prevail in England, that disappointment is expressed on finding Mrs. Stanley what I heard her described by a Murray Hill society leader, "a solid-looking Englishwoman, with too much of the color of good health." But that is the Englishman's special type of beauty. The woman that is strong, robust, and healthy, who sets her foot squarely down on the ground and walks with athletic instead of mincing manner, is just what suits him. Besides, I cannot imagine that after his experience in Africa Mr. Stanley would have selected any pale, ethereal beauty as his wife, or any woman who was not strong and solid, after the English type.

The criticism that she wears her gloves half buttoned at the theater is "important if true," and so shockingly awful that I wonder some of our Murray Hill dames do not rush down to the Everett House and tell Mr. Stanley that he has made a serious mistake in his marriage. If Mrs. Tennant, with English taste, chooses to wear a many-colored scarf to the theater it is offset by the fact that she has bred her daughter with such noble qualities of mind and heart as to win the most distinguished traveler of his age, and that is all there is of it. By the way, while the London correspondents were extolling Miss Dorothy Tennant's beauty, they seem to have entirely overlooked her sister, who, now that she is seen on this side of the water, is pronounced the handsome member of the Tennant family.—*N. Y. Press.*

AFRICAN BARBARITY.

They Kill Men Just for the Fun of It Sometim s.

"I had the pleasure of witnessing a negro execution once," said E. J. Glave at the Sherman House recently. Mr. Glave has just returned from Alaska, where he has been exploring the interior, but for the six years prior to that he was in the Congo country with Stanley. "I had the pleasure of seeing this execution and of knowing that I wasn't strong enough to stop it. I was allowed to witness it only on the condition that I and my companion should be unarmed. But for that I should have shot the chief and the executioner. Afterwards I did have forces enough to prevent it, and for two years there weren't any wanton killings. The missionaries have the place now and the slaughter is going merrily on. Soft words won't stop it. It takes something more than that to put the fear of God into those blacks. But I am drifting away from my story. Some old women of influence had died and accordingly, to celebrate the occasion, a slave had to be sacrificed. He was lashed fast in a kind of a seat and a pliant stem about fifteen feet long stuck into the ground near him. The top of it was bent over and tied fast to his head, so that his neck was as taut as a fiddle-string. That was the first time I had seen them use one of their soft iron knives, and I expected to see the poor fellow's neck haggled into rags, but I heard only a click when it struck the bones of the spinal column, and the man's head shot away like a pebble in a sling. A fountain of blood spurted from his neck, and the body worked and twitched exactly as a chicken does when its head is cut off. The head when picked up was chattering its jaws and rolling its eyes.

"It's awful, the amount of killing that goes on in Africa. A tribe will make up a party and go out to make captives in an adjoining village. They wait until after night and then fire upon the village until its defenders are killed. They take the rest of the folk and make slaves of them. Some are killed for the mere fun of killing them, some are slaughtered to be eaten, some for sacrifice, and others die from cruel treatment. About five out of every six captives taken die by violence. As a consequence interior Africa is being rapidly depopulated. One may go for hundreds of miles and not see a man, but may note the charred stumps which mark where villages have once been."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Dance of The Devil.

A fantastic orgy was witnessed at the town of Loongi, the capital of Bullom, west coast of Africa, by a party of officers from the West India regiment quartered at Sierra Leone. The people of Loongi are Mohammedans, but the dancing devil himself is a relic of not long departed paganism, and so also probably is the dance itself. It takes place in the courtyard of the chief's premises, which is entered through a circular hut. The scene which presents itself to any one coming suddenly out of the darkness into the noise and glare is decidedly uncanny.

In the center of a circle which fills the courtyard the devil, with an orthodox tail, a great crocodile's head, and long grass, looking like hair, depending from his body and legs, and swaying as he moves, leaps, beating time with his feet to the beat of the drums, while the women, two deep, wail a chant and strike their palms together in slow, rhythmical measure, those in the front row bowing down between each beat.

The young men, in long robes and caps, wail with the women. Both are under vows, the dance being one of their rites. They look dazed to begin with, but gradually work themselves into a frenzy, and the black faces, the monotonous wailing cry, the thrumming of the drums, the rattle of the clackers and the beat of the devil's feet as he springs up, crouches down and swings about, make a scene to shock the quiet moon and stars and gladden Gehenna.

North of Sierra Leone, Africa, is Mohammedan, South Pagan and the Southern people have this devil. When peace is declared between two native tribes the peace devil, who is fetish, comes leaping into the town, but if he stumbles or falls it is considered a bad omen and he is put to death for his pains. His dress is sacred, but his person is of no consequence.

What Constitutes a Nation.

Forty millions of people on three millions of square miles of territory do not constitute the United States of America. A million or so of people occupying twenty-one thousand square miles did not constitute Greece. It was the Greeks who constituted Greece; it is Americans who constitute America. So many people thrown together on one territory no more make a nation than so many blocks of stone thrown together in a pile make a temple, or so many types in pi a book, or so many threads in a tangle a fabric.

Every nation has its own distinguishing features, its own type of character, its own consciousness, its own life. To constitute a nation there must be not only people and land and law, but laws that are self-evolved, literature that is the expression of national life, language fitted to express that life, and therefore a life to be expressed.—*Lyman Abbott in The Century.*

Bath of Roses.

The bath of roses, so often mentioned by writers on the luxurious age of Rome life, is a comparatively cheap luxury to-day. The warm water, in quantity amounting to the usual requirement of the bath, is first softened by stirring into the tub finely sifted oat meal, to which is also added half a pint of glycerine; lastly put into it two drops of attar of roses. This bath softens the skin and blends perfume into each line of the body.

About 17,000 houses are added every year to London.

A RACE WITH IDAHO ROBBERS.

Joaquin Miller Relates an Experience of His Youth.

I was lying ice-bound at Lewiston, Idaho. Men wanted to send below to their friends or families; merchants, anticipating the tremendous rush, must get letters through the snow to Walla Walla. Would I go? Could I go?

The snow was deep. The trails over open and monotonous mountains, were drifted full. Could any living man face the drifting snow and find his way to Walla Walla? At first the merchants had tried to hire Indians to undertake the trip and deliver their letters. Not one could be found to go. When the storm abated a little, the men who kept the ferry across the Snoshonee River scraped off the snow, and cutting down the upheaved blocks of ice made it possible to cross with a horse.

At first I meant to carry only letters. But having finally consented to take a little gold for only one merchant, I soon found I should lose friends if I did not take gold for others. The result was that I had to take gold worth nearly ten thousand dollars.

A few muffled-up friends, came down to the river bank to see me off. It was a great event. For two weeks we had not had a line from the outer world. And meantime the civil war was raging in all its terrible fury. As I set out that bleak and icy morning, after I had mounted my plunging pony I saw in the crowd several faces that I did not like. There was Dave English, who was hung on that spot with several of his followers, not forty days later; there was Boone Helm, hung in Montana; Cherokee Bob, killed in Millersburg; and also Canada Joe. This last lived with some low Indians a little way down the river. So when he rode ahead of me I was rather glad than otherwise; for I felt that he would not go far. I kept watch of him, however. And when I saw that he skulked around under the hill, as if he were going home and then finally got back into the trail, I knew there was trouble ahead.

But the "Rubicon" was now behind. My impetuous horse was plunging in the snow and I was soon tearing through the storm up the hill. Once fairly on my way I looked back below. Dave English and Boon Helm were bidding good-by to two mounted cowboys at the ferry-house. Ten minutes later, as I looked back through the blinding snow, I saw that these two desperate fellows were following me.

True, there was nothing criminal in that. The two highwaymen had a right to ride behind me if they wished. And Canada Joe had just as good a right to ride ahead of me. But to be on a horse deep in the blinding snow and loaded down with gold was bad enough. To have a desperado blocking the narrow trail before you with his two friends behind you was fearful!

I had two six-shooters close at hand under the bearskin flap of my saddle-bag where the gold was. I kept my left hand in my pocket where lay a small six shooter warm and ready. Once as the drifting and blinding snow broke away up the mountain, I saw Canada Joe with his head bent down in the storm still pushing on ahead of me at a safe distance. A few moments after, as I crossed and climbed the farther bank of an ugly canon, the two robbers came close enough to hail me. One of them held up a bottle. They evidently intended to overtake me if they could, and profess to be friendly. This I must not allow. I urged my ambitious horse to his best. But, to my dismay, as I hastened up a narrow pass I found that I was not far behind Canada Joe. This low-browed black fellow was reported to be the worst man in all that country. And that was saying he was bad indeed.

I was in a tight place now, and had to think fast. My first plan was to ride forward and face this man before the others came up. But I was really afraid of him. It seemed a much easier task to turn and kill the two rear men and get back to town. But, no! No! All this was abandoned almost as soon as thought of. In those days, even the most desperate had certain rights which their surviving friends would enforce.

I was now but a few hundred yards behind Canada Joe. So far as I could find out, the robbers were closing in on me. But we had ridden over the roughest part of the road and were within a few miles of the high plateau, so that the wind was tearing past in a gale, and the drifting snow almost blinded me.

Suddenly, I had a new thought. Why not take to the left, gain the plateau by a new route, and let these bloodthirsty robbers close their net without having me inside? I rose in my saddle with excitement at the idea, and striking spurs to my brave horse, I was soon climbing up the gradual slope at a gallop. Ah! but I was glad! Gallop! gallop! gallop. I seemed to hear many horses! Turning my head suddenly over my shoulder, I saw my two pursuers not a hundred yards behind me. They shouted! I was now on the high plateau and the snow was not so deep. Gallop! gallop! gallop! Canada Joe—thank Heaven!—was away to the right, and fast falling behind. Gallop! gallop! gallop! I was gaining on the robbers and they knew it. Fainter and fainter came their curses and their shouts.

And then: Whiz! Crack! Thud!

I looked back and saw that they both had thrown themselves from their saddles and were taking deliberate aim.

But to no purpose. Not one shot touched me or my horse, and I reached the first station and, finally, rode into Walla Walla, with my precious burden, safe and sound.—*St. Nicholas.*

Artistic Wedding Dress.

A wonderful wedding dress was recently made up in Russia for the daughter of a great Russian artist. It is of regulation white satin, but on the satin are innumerable little pictures, chiefly allegorical, painted by her father's artist friends.

The Panama Canal works are wrecked; even traces of the excavations are vanishing and the constructive machinery is worthless. This enterprise, in which $400,000,000 has been sunk will figure as the monumental failure of the age.